

July 8 in vol. 858-60

Poetry.

The following two pieces of poetry were written by WILLIAM FREEMAN, Esq., of Cherryfield and are taken from a copy of the Bangor Whig & Courier, when published by Smith & Sayward, and were written for that paper:—

Beauty of Death.

The rose in all its early bloom
Is beautiful and bright—
Its blossoms breathe a rich perfume,
And waken sweet delight.

The lake is fair, when in repose
Beneath the moon-beams clear;
And while its mirror'd surface glows,
A thousand charms appear.

Endearing is the youthful face,
And lovely to behold;
No living charm can match the grace,
Its blooming looks unfold.

But nothing which is seen below,
That feels life's genial breath,
Such angel purity can show,
As the calm smile of death.

Of death that rests on childhood's cheek,
That closes childhood's eyes,
And bids the lips of marble speak
The truths that cannot die.

Expression, so divinely sweet,
To life cannot be given—
There innocence and beauty meet,
And shows both Earth and Heaven.

Mother's Kiss of her Dead Child.

The kiss of friends who meet to part,
Or welcome their return,
Is sweet, and grateful to the heart,
Where kind affections burn.

The kiss, which faithful lovers claim,
Is fondler and more true;
And while it feeds the mutual flame,
It seals their vows anew.

Still more sincere, the Parent's kiss,
That bathes the infant's cheek,
Imparts and draws a kindred bliss,
Which language cannot speak.

But far most sacred and most dear,
Of all most undivided,
The mother's kiss, who, with a tear,
Imprints it on her child.

Her child, who sleeps in death's embrace,
Her lips to feel no more—
If aught could warm its icy face,
That kiss would life restore.

And if its spirit hover'd nigh,
Tis proof of holy love,
The richest blessing would supply
Its wings could bear above.

If angels sought with purpose mild,
Earth's purest scenes to view,
The mother kissing her dead child,
That spectacle would chide.

Miscellaneous.

The Volunteer Counsel:

THE ELOQUENT STRANGER.

John Taylor was licensed when a youth of twenty-one to practice at the bar of the State of Maryland. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The grace of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterward the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission as agent to the West. As a result, Taylor was offered, Taylor tade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months had elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers which explained all. Shortly after his departure for the West the wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by act of legislature, married forthwith, and, to complete the climax of her cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner. This perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career from that moment became eccentric in the first degree—sometimes he preached, sometimes he pleaded at the bar, until at last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.

ACCOUNT OF ONE OF HIS EFFORTS AT THE BAR.

At an early hour on the 9th of April, 1840, the Court House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war times, there had never been witnessed so large a gathering in the Red River country, while the strong feeling apparent in every flushed face will sufficiently explain the matter following:

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Ellison's house, and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced intense excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath which at first was violently against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character and standing of the woman who had suffered such cruel wrongs at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two cases—one criminal and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending at the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The trial of indictment for murder ended on the 8th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might well have been foreseen, comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. The Texas lawyers were completely overwhelmed by the arguments and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in number, and the excitement increased; and, what seemed strange, the current of public opinion now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success on the previous day that, when the case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn. The pigmy pettifoggers dared not brave the sharp wit of Pike, and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir, they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chival-

rous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The lawyers were all silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, seated behind the bar.

At the tone of that voice many started half from their seats, and perhaps there was not a heart in that immense throng which did not beat somewhat quicker—it was so unearthly, sweet, ringing and mournful. The first sensation, was changed into laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that no person present remembered to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the Sphinx herself.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name being on your rolls," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up into a sardonic sneer; "I may be allowed by the courtesy of the court and the bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment. The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of the witnesses the stranger evinced very little ingenuity, as commonly thought. He suffered them to tell their own story without interruption, though he generally managed to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put few cross questions, which, with keen witnesses, served only to correct mistakes, and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff, he had a right to the opening as well as the closing speech; but to the astonishment of all present he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off. Then a shadow might have been seen to flit across the features of Pike, and to darken even the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw that they had "caught a Tartar!" but who it was or how it happened, was impossible to guess.

Colonel Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of that close, dry logic, which, years afterwards, rendered him famous in the Senate of the United States.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed with a rich vein of wit, and half a torrent of ridicule, in which neither the plaintiff nor her ragged attorney were forgotten or spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words, brilliant as a shower of falling stars, and with bursts of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern "order" of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the Southern people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, straight and motionless in his seat, his pale, smooth forehead shooting high like a mountain cone of snow. But for that continual twitch that came and went perpetually in his sallow face, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, dreary eyes were invisible beneath those grey, shaggy eyebrows.

But now at last he rises—before the bar, not behind it—and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long, bony fingers.

With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curl as if in measureless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth.

At first it is slow and sweet, insinuating itself into the brain, as an artless tone winning its way into the deepest heart, like the melody of a magic incantation, while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melt away at his touch as frost before the sunbeams. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so brief, and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes began to open—dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire-globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye; the full heart streamed out of his face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity, when contrasted with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger.

Then, without so much as bestowing an allusion upon Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled in their faces such terrible invectives, that all trembled as if with an ague, and two of them actually fled in dismay from the room.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul appeared to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the power of his own passions. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long-hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sea of all thought and emotion which rose and fell, and boiled in billows as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance furtively at the assassin Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers assumed the same direction. He hemmed in the wretch with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath

the murderer and slanderer's feet, ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overlap, and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and having thus, as one might say, impounded his victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then, but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions, before graceful as the wave of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane.

His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ear with the crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet under-song of the softest cadence. His face was red as a drunkard's—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard like that of a maniac; and ever and anon he flung his long and bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors that, in comparison, hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday, when shining on such an accursed monster, and when he fixed both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, and nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from the perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered *dead and living*—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders. He advised the panel after they should bring in the verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he deserved it; in other words "not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment to God." This was the most rational part of all, and best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of bed by lynchers and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned the stranger made known his name and called the attention of the people with the announcement, "John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle-light."

His sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic effort.

This is not an exaggeration. I have listened to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng, and Bascom—but never heard anything in the form of sublime words, even remotely approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who have heard this remarkable man.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

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ELLSWORTH, ME., FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1859.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Remember the Little Ones.

"Mother, I wish Mr. C—would preach here all the time. I don't like to have Mr. P—come."

"Not like Mr. P—, my son? I thought every body liked him; he is an excellent man. Why do you dislike him?"

"Why, mother, when he preached here last, he stayed here all the time from Saturday to Monday, and I was just as still as I could be, and he did not speak to me, or look at me once; but Mr. C—always puts his hand on my head when he comes, and he says, 'How does Charlie do to-day? just as though he loved me.'"

"I have a choice rose-bush in my garden, presented by a dear friend—This year it had but few buds, and my little ones could only have one rose each."

"I will save mine," said little Carrie, and carry to my teacher. Do you think she ever saw such a beautiful tea-rose?"

Day after day she watched her little bud, till it was half-opened, and then it was plucked in the morning early, all fresh and dewy, and placed in water ready for school time.

When she returned from school, a cloud rested upon her usually sunny face, and, upon inquiring the cause, she cried as though her heart would break.

"You know my beautiful little rose—Well, I suppose the teacher didn't want it. She had a whole vase full of flowers, but none of them were half as sweet as that, and when I carried it to her, she just laid it upon her desk, and didn't look at it once, and said, 'Take your seat, Carrie.'"

How easy to have said, "Thank you, Carrie," and smiled upon the child, and filled her little heart with grateful love, instead of grief.

Remember the little ones.

Exciting Race—Stakes \$275,000. From L. D. Rucker, Superintendent of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, the Cleveland Leader obtains the following particulars of an exciting race in which the steeds were iron horses, and the stakes greater than have ever been known on any track. Mr. Rucker had the facts from John D. Campbell, Esq., Superintendent of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad. One day last week, as the eastward-bound Express train reached Laporte, Ind., a w. being replenished with wood and water, and walked back and forth on the platform, and continued to walk until the whistle sounded. The other passengers got on board, and the train passed off, but the gentleman still walked on. A few minutes after he had gone, a station man saw the pedestrian, and going up to him, asked, in a surprised tone:

"What the—-are you doing here?"

The man started, opened his eyes, and looked around bewildered. The fact was, he had been fatigued, and dropped to sleep while walking. Rousing himself, he asked:

"Why! Where am I?"

"Where are you? At Laporte."

"Where's the train I came on?"

"That left ten minutes ago."

"Ten minutes ago and left me! I must go on that train. It is a question of life and death with me can you get me to it? Have you got an engine here? Where is the Superintendent?"

The station-master had an office near by, and the two went to find that official and to procure an engine. The traveler stated his case—he must go on—could not delay—and offered the officer \$250 if he would put him on board the train. This strange demand and strange offer caused the station-master to hasten to do what he could. The fire was not out in the engine that had drawn the train to that point; the bargain was settled; a drag-engine on new York for the \$250, and in ten minutes the traveler started with an engine to overtake the flying Express.

After rushing on for thirty or forty miles some connection gave way about the engine. The engine was stopped—thereafter found the difficulty, and in a few minutes had a wooden pin whittled out and fitted to supply the deficiency. With this, on they flew. The train had of course many miles the start of them, and despite the wooden pin the engineer crowded on steam and tore through the country at a fearful rate. Thirty miles of the distance passed was run in twenty-seven minutes, but the engagement was that they should overtake the train, and to do it they did, but not until more than 100 miles had been run, and they were approaching Toledo. Having at length overtaken and stopped the train and hurried on board, the traveller went eagerly to a berth in the sleeping-car, and took therefrom a carpet-bag containing \$275,000. His treasure was safe—none had molested it, and, dismissing his faithful courier, he went on his way rejoicing at the success of his perilous and exciting adventure.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.—The following is the vote to which each State will be entitled at the next Presidential election:—

Delaware 3, Maryland 8, Virginia 15, North Carolina 10, South Carolina 8, Georgia 10, Alabama 9, Florida 7, Texas 4, Louisiana 6, Mississippi 7, Missouri 6, Arkansas 4, Tennessee 12, Kentucky 12, California 4, Oregon 3, Maine 8, New Hampshire 3, Massachusetts 13, Rhode Island 4, Connecticut 6, Vermont 3, New York 35, New Jersey 7, Pennsylvania 27, Ohio 23, Michigan 6, Illinois 21, Indiana 13, Iowa 4, Wisconsin 5, Minnesota 3.

The foregoing gives an aggregate of 368 Electoral voters, namely, 183 from the Free States, and 120 in the Slave.

Startling Fact in Matrimony!

The *Courier des Etats Unis*, always good authority, has come into possession of some frightful statistics touching the condition of married people in London. If there be any one of our fair countrywomen on the point of uniting herself with an Englishman, we beg of her to pause until she shall have read and duly considered the following facts:

There are at present in London (which contains nearly three millions of inhabitants)

1,362 wives who have left their husbands to follow their lovers.

2,371 husbands who have run away from their wives.

4,120 couples living apart by consent.

191,023 couples living under the same roof in a state of warfare.

162,320 couples hating each other cordially, but masking, in public, their ferocious hatred under a feigned politeness.

510,132 couples living in a state of indifference to each other.

1,102 couples reputed happy by the world, but who are not quite so in reality.

135 couples happy in comparison with others more unhappy.

7 couples really and truly happy.

In Paris it is said to be even worse, although the disappointed and chagrined husbands and wives have easier way of leaving their griefs than their staid brethren and sisters across the channel. These interesting researches have not been extended to American cities, the unbroken matrimonial felicity which exists in all of them rendering such investigations equally unprofitable and unnecessary.

"Outward-bound merchant ships are experiencing inconvenience from the loss of their crews at Gravesend through the attraction of the Government boats."

The naval authorities board the ships at that place to ascertain if any of the men will volunteer, and in some instances vessels have been left without a sufficient number of hands to enable them to proceed.

The above paragraph is from the *London Times* of May 11, and deserves consideration. The vessels boarded are of course British, for otherwise it would be a feature in the "night of search" question more likely to have been practiced for our merchants and insurance companies to regard is the additional risk of shipping on British vessels. In the cases mentioned of vessels "left without a sufficient number of hands to enable them to proceed," it is a fair question for shippers to consider what equivalent is there for the added risks consequent upon a vessel being detained by the enticement from her of a crew.

As a question of policy of the British Government in thus delaying vessels ready for sea and cleared, we have an opinion but no comment. It, however, British vessels laden with goods owned here, are to be so treated, self-interest should teach our importers the course to pursue.—*Courier & Enquirer*.

YOUNG MAN! Keep your eyes open when you are after the women. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive; or a pretty face even? Flouresce, boy, are no consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flit will give way to the scowl of the termagant. The coquette will shine in the kitchen corner, and with the once sparkling eyes and beaming countenance will look daggers at you. Beware! If the dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure you'll get particular fits all over the house. If she blushes when found at the wash-tub, with her sleeves rolled up, be sure she is of the disreputable aristocracy—little knowledge and a great deal of sense. If you marry a woman who knows nothing but to commit woman-slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right, and then pitch in.—*City Reporter*.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS. Miss Swishelm, who recently edited a paper at Pittsburgh, and who recently attended the Woman's convention in Ohio, makes the following sensible remark on women's right to engage in any occupation for which she has a capacity. It is sheer nonsense. "There is no law to prevent women following almost any business, and why do they not take their right to work at anything they please? Mrs. Coo urged that women have right to be captains of ships. Well, why are they not captains? There is no law to prevent it. If we believe it right, and thought we had the capacity, we would soon command a vessel, and no doubt the world would acknowledge our right. It would have taken a deal of talk to convince the world that Joan of Arc and Jaggello had a right to be soldiers, but without any arguing on the subject, they proved their title to a niche in the warrior's temple of fame. 'A man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds,' and a woman of that kind is very much like him. There is no use of claiming rights for those who do not want to use them, and those who do should just take them."

CREDITORS have better memories than debtors, and creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times.—*Franklin*.

A CROWD is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—*Bacon*.

The earth is estimated to weigh 1,350,125,670,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

Agricultural.

Horticultural Notes for the Month.

THINNING FRUIT.—Dwarf pear trees are loaded with fruit, and will require much thinning. It is a great mistake to let the trees bear all they will. The fruit is small, and poor in quality, and the trees so weakened that they will bear very little next year. Many trees have seen this summer will require the removal of two-thirds of the fruit. Cut or pinch out the smaller and imperfect fruit first, but do not spare even those that are large and fine when too thick. Let the fruit be evenly distributed on the different branches. Dwarf pears set out last fall or this spring will frequently set fruit, but it should not be allowed to mature, or at least not more than two or three specimens on a tree.

The same remarks will apply to dwarf apple trees. All dwarfed trees have a tendency to overbear and exhaust themselves. But though of greater importance, the process of thinning fruit should not be confined to dwarf trees. It is very beneficial in all cases where trees are heavily loaded. The reason why apple trees so generally bear fruit only on alternate years, is that they are allowed to mature such a large crop one year that the trees are exhausted and will not bear the next year. If half the crop was removed other things being the same, they would bear every year.

SUMMER PRUNING is too much neglected. Pinch off the ends of too vigorous and irregular shoots, and train the trees into good shape. It promotes fruitfulness, and saves the necessity of much winter pruning. The shoots of grape vines, if not already done, should be pinched off, leaving two or three leaves about the bunch. If attacked with mildew, apply sulphur immediately.

STRAWBERRY BEDS, as soon as the fruit is off, should receive attention. Keep down the weeds and cut off the runners, unless they are required to form new beds. If the system of "culture in altered strips" is adopted, the runners should be thinned out when too thick, and kept free from weeds, and allowed to get well rooted before the old plants are spaded under, say about the middle of August.

of propagating many ornamental shrubs, roses, grape vines, &c. Spade and prepare the ground around the plant; bend down some of the shoots of new wood and fasten them in the ground with a peg. If a slit be made half through the shoot, just below a bud, and extending an inch or so above the bud, it will root sooner and more freely. The top of the layered shoot should be put in an erect position above the ground, so that the slit made below will be kept open; the sap thus arrested at the cut part, and goes to form roots.

DANIELS, and all tall-growing plants, should be staked and carefully tied up, or they will break down when their heads are heavy with bloom.

KEEP THE GROUND CLEAN.—Weeds rob the soil of moisture and the food of more useful plants—a true truth better expressed by the great dramatist.

"It's not away
The wholesome weeds, that without profit suck,
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers."

LATE PEAS may be sown on good, deep rich soil. Dwarf Blue Imperial and Knight's Dwarf Marrow are good varieties for late crop.

DWARF BEANS and SWEET CORN may still be planted; and also the seeds of cucumbers for pickling.

CUCUMBERS, if not already done, prepare trenches for early. Dig the trenches eighteen inches deep, fill in with six or eight inches of well rotted manure, and cover with four or five inches of rich surface soil. Set out the plants in a single row about a foot apart in the trenches.

The London gardeners sometimes make the trenches three or four feet wide, and plant three or four rows in each trench. It involves too much trouble, however, in earthing up to be practical in this country, unless it is impossible otherwise to obtain sufficient space.

The plant grows very slowly at first, and will need watering if the weather is dry. Stir the soil with the hoe, and apply the water a few inches from the plants so as to avoid washing the earth into the hearts of the celery. In this, as in all other cases, give a thorough soaking, so that the water will penetrate to the roots. Slight waterings are generally worse than useless.

CABBAGES for the main crop may now be set out. Grubs are apt to be very destructive to them in the early part of this month. A correspondent says:—"If the roots, at the time of transplanting are dipped in fish oil and then in plaster of Paris, it will not only annoy the worms and keep them away, but also prove beneficial as a manure. By the middle of July grub worms will be harmless, and this is the best time for transplanting late cabbages."

MU-TARD, CRESS, and RAITHERS, may still be sown, and will do well on the north side of a broad fence.

MELONS should be thinned out to two or three in each hill; draw earth from time to time around the hills and about the roots of the plants. As soon as the plants have spread into branches, stop them by pinching off the top of the first runner bud. This will strengthen the plants, and cause them to fruit early. After which, keep the ground clear from weeds by frequent hoeing. If you wish to save the seed, care must be taken not to plant the different sorts near each other, or cucumbers, squashes, and gourds. The impregnation of the blossoms is an imperative process in melon-growing. The female flowers are known

by the appearance of the base. The best of these should be selected, and carefully divesting the male blossom of its corolla, its farina should be brought into contact with the center of the female flower, during the heat of the day, when the flowers are quite dry and the sun at its greatest power. The operation should commence when from six to ten female flowers are found on the plant; and when it is perceived that four fruit is secured on each plant, which will be known by the rapid swelling of the embryo fruit. The whole of the blossoms, male and female, should be cut off as they appear, that the strength of the plant may be directed entirely to the formation of the fruit. The production of unnecessary blossoms weakens the production of fruit. The shoots on which the fruit is set and swelling should be pinched off three or four eyes above the fruit. Stop all lateral shoots, from time to time, to prevent confusion, as well as cut out all coarse shoots which are not wanted. The greatest care should be taken of the foliage, exposing it as much as possible to the sun. Watering is an important matter, both as regards the roots and foliage, and should be applied very gently with a syringe, more resembling a copious dew than a shower from a watering pot. Where the melons are grown on the surface of the soil, care should be taken that a piece of tile, slate, or a shingle, be placed under each melon as soon as it has begun to swell, to prevent its damping and rotting off; and as the fruit increases in size, it may be elevated above the leaves, that it may fully enjoy the light and air. Until the full complement of fruit is fairly set and beginning to swell, the branches may be kept thin and the plants not excited by liquid manure; but after that the plants may be allowed greater latitude, and be more excited in their growth.

CLEAN MILKING. It is sometimes forgotten that the last gilt of milk drawn from the cow's udder is the best part of every milking. Careful experiments made in England show, (according to a report lately published) that the quantity of cream obtained from the last drawn cup from most cows, exceeds that of the first in the proportion of twelve to one.—The difference in the quality also is considerable. Hence a person who carelessly leaves but half a pint of milk undrawn, loses in reality about as much cream as would be afforded by six or eight pints at the beginning; and loses, too, that part of the cream which gives the richness and high flavor to his butter.—*American Agriculturist*.

A WORD FOR THE BIRDS.—We count it a very bad sign in a boy or man who will molest the birds. They do a great deal of good in the world, and they get their living by destroying millions of bugs and worms, which, if permitted to live, would ruin our gardens and trees. Watch the gay, bold bird-eyed robin, grubbing up the worms in your corn or flower gardens—listen to his song, always so cheerful; so see the graceful blue-bird, or the beautiful golden robin; note how they are always busy, disposing of the grubs which kill your fruit trees and shrubs.

the red marvis, or listened to the merry chatter of the fairy yellow bird, or the dainty humming bird? Go out in the woods and hearken to the sweet song of the handsome brown thrasher, sit down on the green moss under some old oak, and you may be as honored listener to a thousand sweet songs; to melodies of whose existence you never dreamed. Welcome the birds then; they "pay their way"—if you can be small-souled enough to bring that into question; they will sing to you from the time of the first spring flowers till the autumn asters are in bloom; and if you will give them audience, they will make you better, and so happier.—*Essex Banner*.

VINEGAR IN STEWS.—On the continent of Europe vinegar is largely employed in the process of stewing. It acts by softening the fibres, and so rendering the meat more tender and digestible. The value of vinegar in economical cooking, may be tested by the use of this recipe:

Take some meat from the coarsest joints of a beef, such as the leg, shin, or sticking piece, cut it in slices of two or three ounces each, dip each in good vinegar, and then pack the whole in the stew pan with onions, turnips, or other vegetables cut small, without water; cover it closely and let it stand by the side of the fire for six or eight hours; it will then be found to be thoroughly done, and to have yielded an abundance of gravy, being at the same time remarkably tender.

The only precaution necessary is that the heat should never be suffered to approach the boiling point, or the meat, vegetables, and flavoring materials may be placed in an earthen ware jar, which can be closely tied down, and then placed in a large sauce-pan of water, or very slow oven.

This mode of cooking is applicable to any kind of meat, and will be found exceedingly economical, giving little trouble, and furnishing a very nutritious, digestible and delicious food. The acid of the vinegar is entirely dissipated during the process.—*New Cook Book*.

WHITE LEAD IN OIL.—As an external application or ointment, it has no equal. In abrasions, or galls from any cause, it speedily aids the part in healing. Applied to the leg of a horse, the outer coating of hair and skin of which was torn off by a painter's brush, caused it to heal and leave no scar. It is good for scratches, and all sores upon horses or other animals, and equally good for men. It forms an air-tight coating, and soothes pain. Every farmer should keep a pot and brush ready for use; and he should not fail to apply it to all abraded spots on tools, as well as stock.

White lead is the carbonate of the metal, and when pure is very white. It at having a grayish tint, is impure, being generally adulterated. For use as a paint, a lead color is produced by adding lampblack, and a drab or stone color, by adding burned amber.

May 26, 1858.

W. L. Worth, M.



MAINE.
Stationer.
DEALER IN
GOODS,
Medicines,
&c.,
MAINE.



THE ENGINE!

**THE ENGINE!!
S RINGING.**

GOODS !!

**THE CHEAPEST.
D STAND,
CORNER.**

on with the **LARGEST** and **CHEAP**
PRICES ever offered for sale in Ells-
 low Style DeLains, Plaids, Thibets,
 American Ginghams, Prints of
 each Spring Skirts of the la-
 , Hosiery of every kind.

GOODS,
Clothing ever offered in this market
AND HARD WARE,
Glass, Nails, Gars Seed, Garden Seed
in all every kind, &c. &c. &c.

S. W. PERKINS.
859.

MAY 16 1859.

ANOTHER LARGE LOT OF
NEW GOODS!
Just received and opening to day \$4,000
worth of
DRY GOODS,

Large part of which are RICH and LOW
DRESS GOODS,
 comprising about all the new styles of late
 rivals from England, France, Germany and
 Italy. Among which may be found, New
 styles of Mourning Goods, Challies, DeLains.

Black Silks.

grade from \$2.12 cts. to \$1.50, than
you can find in any other place in
this Town, and small still con-
tinue to sell them at unparalleled low prices.
As before, French Vails.
Also, another large lot of New Style
WROUGHT COLLARS,
Loves, Hosiery of every price and style.
Silk, Mohair long and short

Mitts.
HATS & CAPS,
Boots and Shoes, Crockery Ware,
FLOUR AND MEAL,
PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c. &c.
All of which we shall sell as astonishing

prices.
ROBINSON & HARDEN.
17tf

Hancock Bank.

A distribution of twenty five per cent, having been ordered by the Supreme Judicial Court on all bills and claims allowed by the Receivers against said Bank, notice is hereby given, that said percentage will be paid to the holders of the Certificates of claims, given by the said Bank, on the 1st day of January, 1877.

SAMUEL WATERHOUSE,
 HATCH MACONDER,
 AENG WISWILL.

Received
 of the
 Hancock Bank
 20/1

